

105. 673-Notes Mr. Valze

STATEMENT MADE BY MR. HENRY H. STEVENS
TO MESSRS. PFEIFFER, STUDER & PALZER,
SEPTEMBER 28, 1926. PUT IN NARRATIVE FORM.

We have lived at Lavalette since 1915, during the last two years continuously. Previous to that we usually went away in the winter and for the first seven years, or up to October 1, 1922, we had an apartment in New York. In 1922 we stayed at Lavalette until some time around Christmas or New Year. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Griffin, is still living and I have a sister-in-law, Helene P. Griffin. Both of them live most of the time with us. After my father-in-law, Mr. Griffin, died in January, 1922, we saw no use for keeping the New York apartment any longer, but our lease ran until October 1, 1922.

On Tuesday, September 12, 1922, I took my wife, her mother and sister in my Ford station wagon from Lavalette to Point Pleasant, so that they could take a train to New York, where they were going to close up the apartment, sending the things still left down to Lavalette. Previous to this time we had been gradually thinning out the contents of the apartment. That was a rainy day. I know I was in Lavalette both Tuesday and Wednesday, because of casual mention in my little diary of fish that were caught. We still have the little diary. It was not a continuous diary, but simply a memorandum of little things of interest to me and a memorandum of fish I caught and game I killed and one or two little things like a visit to certain places I might put down. It does not contain a connected story and there are lots and lots of days when there is nothing down of any account, because life in Lavalette is sort of humdrum. I imagine I have kept the same sort of diary for thirty years. There are a great many things that might have been unusual I didn't put in it. I just put in things as I happened to remember them, for instance I think under Tuesday, September 12th, I have down a fish "one croaker", something like that. (Page 1 to middle of Page 5)

(Details of alibi omitted)

(Page 46)

On Saturday afternoon, September 16, 1922, about three o'clock Daylight, I was fishing on the beach with Mr. Eger when one of the Austins (one was station agent) came along the boardwalk and handed me a telegram, which he said was important. I think I signed for it, though he may have forgotten to make me. The telegram said, "Edward Hall has been killed. Come to my house", and was signed by Edwin Carpender. I have the original telegram. I was shocked and said, "My, it must have been an automobile accident." Eger heard this. We both went up to the house, looked up trains and, after I had packed a bag and arranged with Eger to spend the nights at our house